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Junior Recital: Lauren Barchi, soprano

Lauren Barchi

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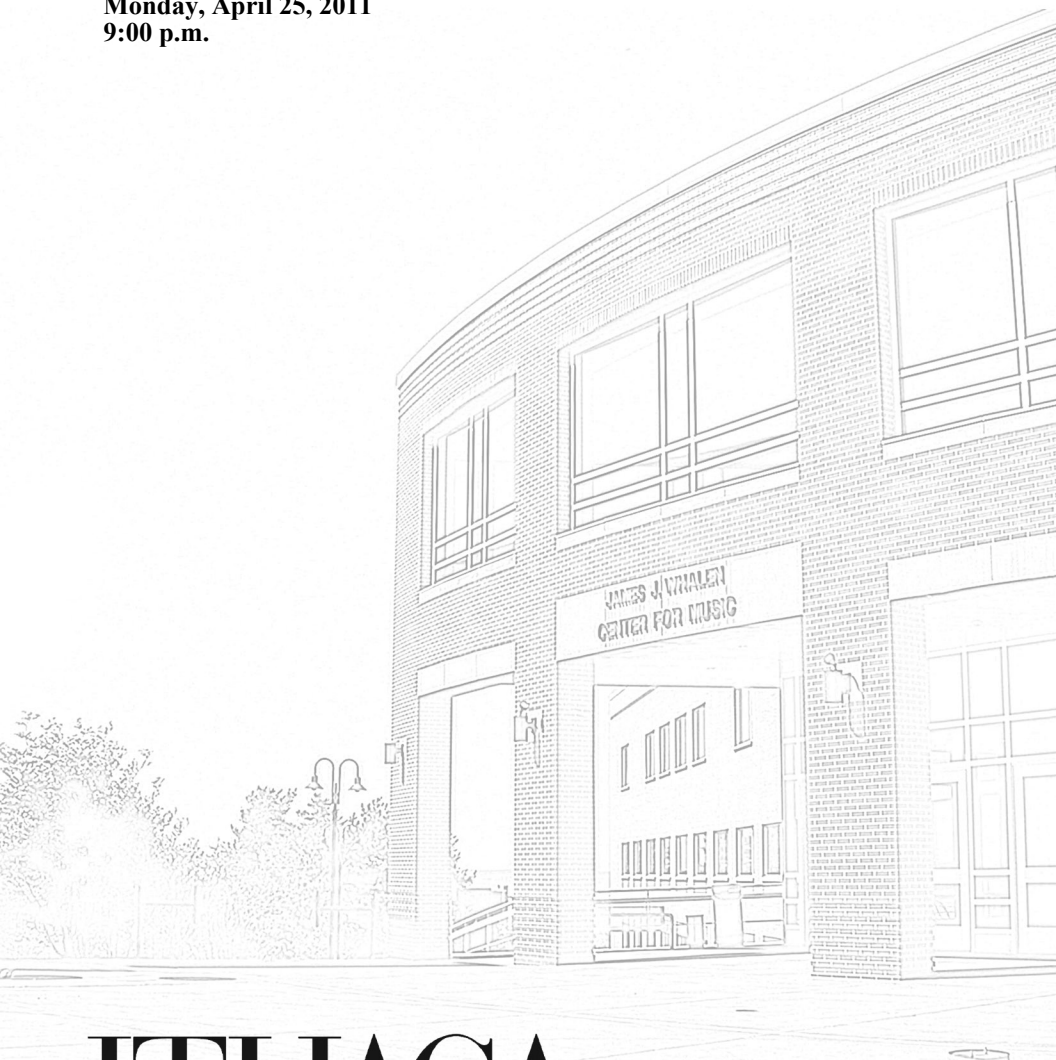
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Junior Recital: Lauren Barchi, soprano

**Mary Holzhauer, piano and organ
Michael Reinemann, clarinet**

**Hockett Family Recital Hall
Monday, April 25, 2011
9:00 p.m.**



ITHACA

SCHOOL OF MUSIC

Program

Tell me, some pitying angel (The Blessed Virgin's
Expostulation)

Henry Purcell
(1659-1695)

Fêtes galantes

I. En Sourdine

II. Fantoche

III. Clair De Lune

Claude Debussy
(1862-1918)

Sei Romanze

II. La zingara

III. Ad una stella

IV. Lo spazzacamino

Giuseppe Verdi
(1813-1901)

Intermission

Sechs Deutsche Lieder

IV. Wiegenlied

V. Das heimliche Lied

VI. Wach auf

Louis Spohr
(1784-1859)

Michael Reinemann, clarinet

The Doe

The Lamb

The Serpent

Lee Hoiby
(1926-2011)

The Girl in 14G

Jeanine Tesori
(b. 1961)

This Junior Recital is in partial fulfillment of the degree B.M. in Performance
and Music Education. Lauren Barchi is from the studio of Brad Hougham.

Translations

En Sourdisine by Claude Debussy

Calmes dans le demi-jour
Que les branches hautes font,
Pénétrons bien notre amour
De ce silence profond.

Fondons nos âmes, nos cœurs
Et nos sens extasiés,
Parmi les vagues langueurs
Des pins et des arbousiers.

Ferme tes yeux à demi,
Croise tes bras sur ton sein,
Et de ton cœur endormi
Chasse à jamais tout dessein.

Laissons-nous persuader
Au souffle berceur et doux
Qui vient, à tes pieds, rider
Les ondes des gazons roux.

Et quand, solennel, le soir
Des chênes noirs tombera
Voix de notre désespoir,
Le rossignol chantera.

Fantoches

Scaramouche et Pulcinella,
Qu'un mauvais dessein rassembla,
Gesticulent noirs sous la lune,

Cependant l'excellent docteur Bolognais
Cueille avec lenteur des simples
Parmi l'herbe brune.

Lors sa fille, piquant minois,
Sous la charmille, en tapinois,
Se glisse demi-nue,

En quête de son beau pirate espagnol,
Dont un [languoureux]1 rossignol
Clame la détresse à tue-tête.

Clair De Lune

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques!

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune.
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Muted

Calm in the half-day
That the high branches make,
Let us soak well our love
In this profound silence.

Let us mingle our souls, our hearts
And our ecstatic senses
Among the vague langours
Of the pines and the bushes.

Close your eyes halfway,
Cross your arms on your breast,
And from your sleeping heart
Chase away forever all plans.

Let us abandon ourselves
To the breeze, rocking and soft,
Which comes to your feet to wrinkle
The waves of auburn lawns.

And when, solemnly, the evening
From the black oaks falls,
The voice of our despair,
The nightingale, will sing.

Marionettes

Scaramouche and Pulcinella,
brought together by some evil scheme
gesticulate, black beneath the moon.

Meanwhile, the learned doctor
from Bologna slowly gathers
medicinal herbs in the brown grass.

Then his sassy-faced daughter
sneaks underneath the arbor
half-naked, in quest

Of her handsome Spanish pirate,
whose distress a languorous nightingale
deafeningly proclaims.

Moonlight

Your soul is a chosen landscape
charmed by masquers and revellers
playing the lute and dancing and almost
sad beneath their fanciful disguises!

Even while singing, in a minor key,
of victorious love and fortunate living
they do not seem to believe in their happiness,
and their song mingles with the moonlight,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau,
Qui fait rêver, les oiseaux [dans] les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les marbres.

La zingara by Giuseppe Verdi

Chi padre mi fosse, qual patria mi sia,
Invano la gente chiamando mi va;

Del primo mai seppi ed è patria mia

La terra che un fiore, che un frutto mi dà.

Dovunque il destino m'addita un sentiero,
Io trovo un sorriso, io trovo un amor;
present
Perchè del passato darommi pensiero,
Se l'ora presente è lieta al mio cor?

Può, è vero, il domani un torbido velo
Dell'aure serene l'aspetto turbar;
Ma s'oggi risplende azzurro il mio cielo,

Perchè rattristarmi d'un dubbio avvenir?

Io sono una pianta che ghiaccio non spoglia,
Che tutto disfida del verno il rigor;

Se fronda qui cade, là un'altra germoglia,
In ogni stagione son carca di fior.

Ad una stella

Bell'astro della terra,
Luce amorosa e bella,
Come desia quest'anima
Oppressa e prigioniera
Le sue catene infrangere,
Libera a te volar!

Gl'ignoti abitanti
Che mi nascondi, o stella,
Cogl'angeli s'abbracciano
Puri fraterni amori,
Fan d'armonie cogl'angeli
La spera tua sonar.

Le colpe e i nostri affanni
Vi sono a lor segreti,
Inavvertiti e placidi
Scorrono i giorni e gli anni,
Nè mai pensier li novera,
Nè li richiama in duol.

Bell'astro della sera,
Gemma che il cielo allieti,

the calm moonlight, sad and beautiful,
which sets the birds in the trees dreaming,
and makes the fountains sob with ecstasy,
the tall slender fountains among the marble
statues!

The Gypsy Woman

What man is my father, what country is mine?
In vain have people sent me away from the
beginning,

Never knowing my origin. The flowery earth
is mine;

It is given by its fruit. Everywhere, destiny is
mine,

And on my path I find smiles and love.
I brood over the past, and wonder if the

Gives happiness to my heart.

It is true that tomorrow may become as a
muddy vale,

The serene may become turbulent.

But, if today my azure sky shines brightly,
why sadden myself with thoughts of a dubious
future?

I am like a plant which cannot be stripped by
ice,

Which challenges the rigors of winter.

If the leafy branches fall, others will sprout in
their places.

In every season I am full of flower.

To a star

Beautiful star of the earth,
Amorous and beautiful light,
How desires this soul,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
To break its chains,
Free to fly to you!

The unknown inhabitants
That you hide from me, oh star,
Embrace with the angels
In pure brotherly love,
Making in harmony with the angels
Your sphere to sound.

Our faults and worries
Are secrets to them there;
Carefree and calm,
The days and years run by,
With no thought of counting them,
Nor recalling them in sadness.

Beautiful star of the night,
Gem in which heaven delights,

Come alzerà quest'anima
Oppressa e prigioniera
Dal suo terreno carcere
Al tuo bel raggio il vol!

Lo spazzacamino

Lo spazzacamin! Son d'aspetto brutto e nero,
Tingo ognun che mi vien presso;
Sono d'abiti mal messo,
Sempre scalzo intorno io vo.

Ah! di me chi sia più lieto
Sulla terra dir non so.
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin

Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi quattrin.
Ah! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin!

Io mi levo innanzi al sole
E di tutta la cittade
Col mio grido empio le strade
E nemico alcun non ho.

Ah, di me chi sia più lieto
Sulla terra dir non so.
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin

Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi quattrin.
Ah! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin!

Talor m'alzo sovra i tetti,
Talor vado per le sale;
Col mio nome i fanciulletti
Timorosi e quieti io fo.

Ah, di me chi sia più lieto
Sulla terra dir non so.
Spazzacamin! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin

Vi salva dal fuoco per pochi quattrin.
Ah! Signori, signore, lo spazzacamin!

If only this soul could rise, this soul,
Oppressed and imprisoned,
From its earthly jail
To your beautiful ray in flight.

The chimney-sweep

The Chimney-sweep! I seem ugly and black,
I stain everyone who presses against me;
I am badly dressed,
Ever barefoot around I go.

Ah! Who could be as happy as I -
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen, the
chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few pennies.
Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!

I get up before the sun
And through all the city
With my cry I fill the streets
And I do not have one enemy.

Ah! Who could be as happy as I -
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen, the
chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few pennies.
Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!

Now I rise to the rooftops
Now I go through the rooms
With my name the little children
Timid and quiet I make

Ah! Who could be as happy as I -
On earth I cannot say!
Chimney-sweep! Ladies and gentlemen, the
chimney-sweep
Will save you from fire for a few pennies.
Ah! ladies and gentlemen, the chimney-sweep!

Wiegenlied by Louis Spohr

Alles still in süßer Ruh,
Drum mein Kind, so schlaf auch du.
Draußen säuselt nur der Wind,
Su, su, su, schlaf ein mein Kind!

Schließ du deine Äugelein,
Laß sie wie zwei Knospen sein.
Morgen wenn die Sonn' erglüh't,
Sind sie wie die Blum' erblüh't.

Und die Blümlein schau ich an,
Und die Äugelein küß ich dann,
Und der Mutter Herz vergiß't,
Daß es draußen Frühling ist.

Das Heimliche Lied

Es gibt geheime Schmerzen,
Sie klaget nie der Mund,
Getragen tief im Herzen
Sind sie der Welt nicht kund.

Es gibt ein heimlich Sehnen,
Das scheuet stets das Licht,
Es gibt verborgne Tränen,
Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.

Es gibt ein still Versinken
In eine innre Welt,
Wo Friedensauen winken,
Von Sternenglanz erhellt,

Wo auf gefallnen Schranken
Die Seele Himmel baut,
Und jubelnd den Gedanken
Den Lippen anvertraut.

Es gibt ein still Vergehen
In stummen, öden Schmerz,
Und Niemand darf es sehen,
Das schwergepreßte Herz.

Es sagt nicht was ihm fehlt,
Und wenn's im Grame bricht,
Verblutend und zerquälet,
Der Fremde sieht sie nicht.

Es gibt einen sanften Schlummer,
Wo süßer Frieden weilt,
Wo stille Ruh' den Kummer
Der müden Seele heilt.

Doch gibt's ein schöner Hoffen,
Das Welten überfliegt,
Da wo am Herzen offen
Das Herz voll Liebe liegt.

Lullaby

All is still in sweet repose,
Therefore, my child, you, too, must sleep.
Outside is but the rustle of the wind,
Sh, sh, sh, go to sleep, my child.

Close your little eyes,
Let them be two little buds.
Tomorrow when the sun shines,
They will blossom like flowers.

And I gaze at the little flowers,
And I kiss the little eyes,
And a mother's heart forgets
That it is spring outside.

The Secret Song

There are secret pains
Whose lament is never tongued;
Borne deep in the heart
They are unknown to the world.

There is a secret longing
That always shies from the light;
There are hidden tears
A stranger does not see.

There is a quiet sinking
Into an inner world
Where peaceful meadows beckon,
Lit by the gleam of stars,

Where, all boundaries fallen,
The soul raises Heaven
And with jubilation
Confides its thoughts to the lips.

There is a quiet passing
Into silent, desolate pain,
And no one is allowed to see
That heavy-pressed heart.

It does not say what it needs,
And though it breaks with grief,
Tortured to death and bleeding,
The stranger does not see it.

There is a gentle slumber
Where sweet peace abides,
Where quiet rest heals the cares
Of the weary soul.

There is yet a lovely hoping
That soars above all worlds,
Where, open to another heart,
The heart lies filled with love.

Wach auf

Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.

Hörst du das Klingen
Allüberall?
Die Vöglein singen
Mit süßem Schall.

Aus Starrem sprießt
Baumblättlein weich,
Das Leben fließet
Um Ast und Zweig.

Das Tröpflein schlüpfet
Aus Waldesschacht,
Das Bächlein hüpfet
Mit Wallungsmacht.

Der Himmel neiget
In's Wellenklar,
Die Bläue zeigt
Sich wunderbar.

Ein heit'res Schwingen
Zu Form und Klang,
Ein ew'ges Fügen
Im ew'gen Drang!

Was stehst du bange
Und sinnest nach?
Ach! schon so lange
Ist Liebe wach.

Wake up

Why do you stand there
brooding with fear?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!

Do you hear the ringing
all around?
The birds are singing
with such sweet sounds.

Soft leaves are sprouting
from the rigid branches,
Life is flowing
through bough and twig.

Little drops are gliding
from the forest hollows,
The brook leaps
with abundant strength.

The heavens bow
towards the clear waves,
The blueness
is wondrously revealed,

A bright flourish
of shape and sound,
An endless yielding
to endless impulse.

Why do you stand there
brooding with fear?
Ah, so long
does love stay awake!

Upcoming Events

April

25 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Jazz Ensemble**, Mike Titlebaum, director; Clay Jenkins, guest trumpet soloist. *Sponsored in part by the Cornell University Jazz Ensembles*

26 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Percussion Ensemble**, Gordon Stout, director.

27 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Concert Band**, Andrew Benware, conductor

28 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Symphonic Band**, Elizabeth Peterson, conductor

29 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Women's Chorale**, Janet Galván, conductor

30 - 12:00pm - Ford - **Campus Band**, Dan Isbell, conductor

30 - 2:00pm - Ford - **Campus Choral Ensemble**, Jennifer Haywood, conductor

30 - 4:00pm - Ford - **Symphony Orchestra**, Jeffery Meyer, conductor, *Rite of Spring*

30 - 8:15pm - Ford - **Choir and Madrigal Singers**, Lawrence Doeblor, conductor

May

2 - 8:15pm - Ford Hall - **Jazz Lab Ensemble**, Greg Evans, director

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